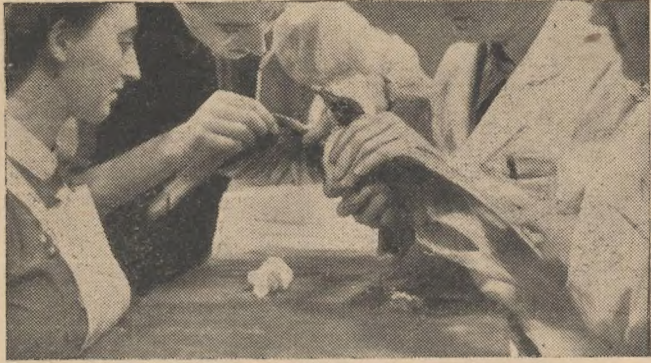


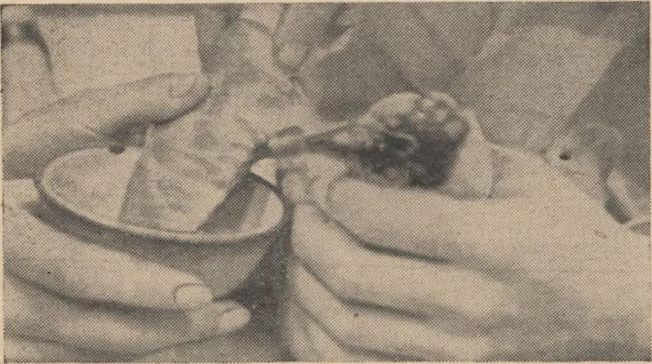
## SAMMY STRAYED INLAND BECAME CASUALTY No. 1



1. Nurses and surgeons examine Sammy's broken wing.



2. After binding his beak, to prevent Sammy offering active objections, the process of setting commences.



3. Sammy's wing is given antiseptic treatment.



4. The whole wing is strapped to Sammy's fuselage to prevent displacement of the good work.



5. Sammy is offered a tasty morsel to test his reactions after the surgical shock.

SAMMY was knocked down by a motor car, and the driver failed to stop. Fortunately, a passer-by saw the accident and took him to Westminster Hospital, handing him over to the casualty receiving office.

The usual casualty index card was completed—at least, as far as was possible—he was almost unconscious, and his mutterings were unintelligible. They didn't even know his name was Sammy; a nurse christened him that.

He was taken from the office and he took his place in the queue for the operating theatre.

At last his turn came, and he was carried in and placed carefully on the table, and nurses started to clean the wound.

### The Operation.

It was lunch-time, and Dr. Bartholomew was due for his twenty-minute break. He saw Sammy was in pain, however, and he decided to work on.

He called in Dr. Reed-Davis and they set to work. His diagnosis was that a bone was broken and that an old wound in his left leg had recurred. The only thing to do was to operate immediately; but

Sammy was in pain, and he bit the fingers that were trying to set his broken bone. They tried to humour him, but Sammy was beyond being humoured, so they fixed plaster over his mouth.

When Nurse Barraclough washed him in antiseptic he writhed in agony, and his eyes filled with tears. The operation was completed in forty minutes and the patient was wrapped in cotton-wool and fed with some warm milk.

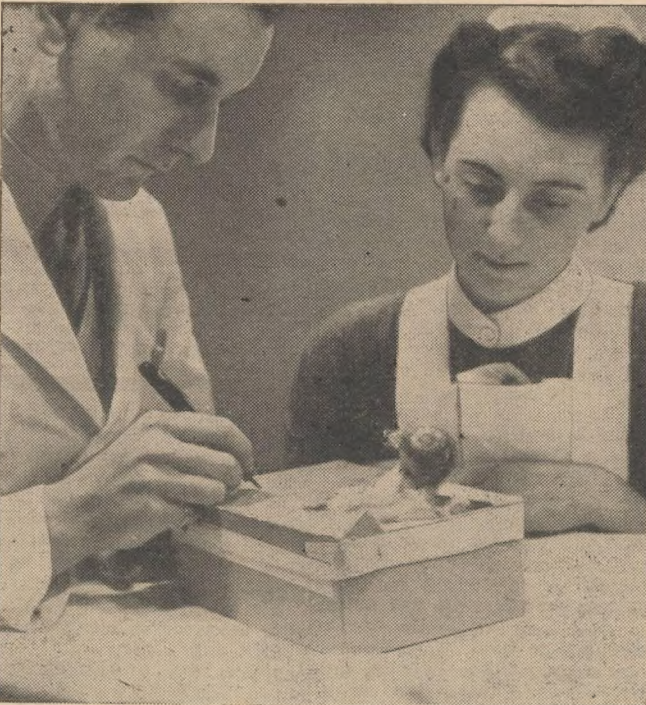
The Matron, Sisters, Staff Nurses and Probationers all peeped into the surgery to see how Sammy was getting on.

### A Favoured Patient.

He was a very special patient and the wards were anxiously awaiting the bulletins, and there was much controversy as to his chances of pulling through.

There was no suitable accommodation for Sammy at Westminster Hospital, so it was decided to take him to Regent's Park.

On his medical history sheet which accompanied him he was reported as being of "no fixed abode." That was the only thing they could do, because neither identity cards nor even ration books are carried by seagulls.



11. Sammy, snugly in box, is addressed and despatched to the sanatorium of the London Zoo—there to recuperate. We will tell you in a future issue how Sammy the seagull gets on.

## 81, He's Tough, Doesn't Know What Pain Is

THE man who has never had a day's pain still lives a life as tough as any Commando, despite his 81 years.

He is Mr. William Henry Dilcock, of George Hotel Yard, Gowthorpe, Selby, Yorks. He lives in an outhouse. His bed is a horsehair sofa. His bathroom the backyard pump. He keeps himself warm with an overcoat, and doesn't bother about fires.

Always spick and span, Mr. Dilcock can be seen any day of the week wearing his fawn bowler, riding breeches and cravat, with boots polished to a dazzling brilliance and his silver-knobbed cane in his hand.

### Horse's Good Turn.

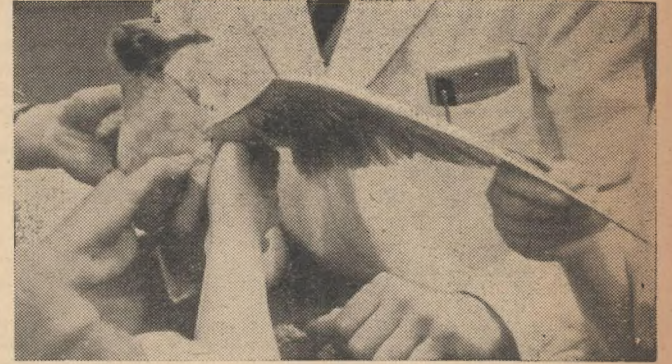
"I've never had headache, toothache or stomach-ache in my life," he told a "Good

Morning" reporter. "When I was five I was in a stable with a restive horse when something frightened the animal, and it reared and kicked me on the head. Did me a good turn, though. It shattered my nerve-centre, so I've never known what it means to have an ache or pain."

He added a parting shot: "And I've never had heart-ache, either. I've no room for women."

His immunity to pain has served him in good stead many a time. An ex-soldier, he joined the Indian Army in '78 and served twelve years.

During the Afghan Campaign, when plagues and fevers swept through the British ranks, killing more men than the enemy ever saw, Mr. Dilcock was totally immune.



6. The other wing is examined for possible injuries.



7. Sammy (in a cold sweat!) is wrapped in cotton-wool to prevent a chill.



8. Sammy—lucky Sammy—is shown in the loving hands of his nurse.



9. And placed gently in the box specially prepared to carry him.



10. The lid is fixed on. It has been specially cut to accommodate head and tail.



# Periscope Page

## QUIZ for today

1. Who sits on the Woolsack?
2. In what games or sports are the terms "frame," "Yorker," "Misere," "Waterworks"?
3. Where is Petty Cury?
4. Who was known as the "Sea-green Incorruptible"?
5. Who coined the phrase?
6. What is the "Seventh Heaven"?
7. What was "The Flying Dutchman"?
8. Who wrote "Charley's Aunt"?
9. What was the Witenagemot?
10. What book made the character Brer Rabbit famous?
11. Who wrote it?
12. What are the Christian names of A. P. Herbert?

## SPATS

ROUGHLY, every fourth leg in the racing department of the horse fraternity has at one time in its life a specially made "spat" or stocking.

The stockings are worn from any period, sometimes as long as two years.

There is only one man in the country who performs this highly skilled and delicate operation.

He is Mr. Robert Carlisle, of Newmarket, and he claims to be the only professional whole-time man in this skilled work in the world.

A veterinary surgeon may occasionally sew on a cloth, but Mr. Carlisle makes it his whole business, and he has carried it on for forty-six years. He followed his father in the trade.

A special four-cord box cloth is used; it costs more than £2 per yard, and the special thread costs 2s. per reel. These "stockings" are put on to give support, and many horses require this support if they are to give of their best. Every little helps in racing.

### WORD LADDER

CASH RISE

NONE FALL

Change the words CASH and RISE into the words NONE and FALL by changing a letter each time and leaving a sensible word in each space.

# NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THE horizon was hidden by a curtain of forests. Enormous trees, some 200 feet high, with garlands of creepers joining their branches, were real natural hammocks, which were rocked in the slight breeze. They were mimosas, ficus, casuarinas, teak-trees, hibiscus, pandanus, palm-trees, mixed in profusion; and under the shelter of their verdant vault, at the foot of their gigantic stype, grew orchids, leguminous plants, and ferns.

But without noticing all these fine specimens of Papuan flora, the Canadian abandoned the agreeable for the useful. He perceived a cocoa-nut tree, brought down some nuts, broke them, and we drank their milk and ate their kernel with relish.

"I do not think," said the Canadian, "that your Nemo would object to our taking back a cargo of cocoa-nuts on board."

"I do not think so," I answered, "but he would not taste them himself."

"So much the better for us," replied Ned Land; "there will be more left."

Fortune favoured us in this

search after edibles, and one of the most useful products of tropical zones furnished us with a valuable article of food which was wanting on board—I mean the bread-tree, which is very abundant in the Island of Gilboa.

Conseil watched Ned continually. The harpooner marched on in front, and during his walk across the forest he gathered with a sure hand the excellent fruit with which to complete his provisions.

"You do not want anything more, Ned, do you?"



"All these vegetables cannot constitute a meal," answered Ned; "they are only good for dessert. There is the soup and the roast."

"Yes," said I. "Ned had promised us cutlets, which seemed to me very problematic."

About 11 a.m. we had traversed the first range of mountains that form the centre of the island, and we had killed nothing. Fortunately, Conseil, to his great surprise, made a double shot, and secured breakfast. He brought down a white and a wood pigeon, which, quickly plucked and suspended to a skewer, were roasted before a flaming fire of dead wood. Whilst these interesting animals were cooking, Ned had prepared the fruit of the "artocarpus," then the pigeons were devoured to the bones, and pronounced excellent. Nutmegs, with which they are in the habit of stuffing their crops, flavour their flesh, and make it delicious.

"And now, Ned, what is there wanting?" I asked the Canadian.

"Some four-footed game, M. Aronnax," answered Ned Land. "All these pigeons are only side dishes and mouthfuls, and until I have killed an animal with cutlets I shall not be content."

"Nor I, Ned, until I have caught a bird of Paradise."

"Let us go on with our hunting," answered Conseil, "but towards the sea. We have reached the first declivities of the mountains, and I think we had better regain the forest regions."

It was sensible advice, and was followed. After an hour's walk we reached a veritable forest of sagotrees. Some inoffensive serpents fled at the sound of our footsteps. The birds of Paradise fled at our approach, and I really despaired of getting near them, when Conseil, who was walking on in front, suddenly stopped, uttered a cry of triumph, and came back to me, carrying a magnificent bird of Paradise.

"Ah, bravo! Conseil," I exclaimed.

"Monsieur is very kind," answered Conseil.

"No, my boy, that was a master stroke, not only to take one of these

birds living, but to catch it simply by hand."

"If master will examine it closely, he will see that my merit has not been great."

"Why, Conseil?"

"Because this bird is as intoxicated as a quail."

"Intoxicated?"

"Yes, intoxicated with the nutmegs he was devouring under the nutmeg-tree where I found him. See, friend Ned, see the monstrous effects of intemperance."

"You need not grudge me the gin I've drunk the last two months!" answered the Canadian.

In the meantime I examined the curious bird. Conseil was not mistaken. The bird of Paradise, intoxicated by the spirituous juice, was powerless. It could not fly, and could hardly walk. But that did not make me uneasy. I left it time to get over the effect of its nutmegs.

But if my desires were satisfied by the possession of the bird of Paradise, the Canadian's were not yet. Happily, about two o'clock Ned Land killed a magnificent hog, one of those the natives call "barioutang." The animal came in time to give us real quadruped meat, and it was well received. Ned Land was very proud of his shot. The hog, struck by the electric bullet, had fallen stone-dead.

The Canadian soon skinned and prepared it after having cut out half-a-dozen cutlets to furnish us with grilled meat for our evening meal. Then we went on with the chase that was again to be marked by Ned and Conseil's exploits.



The two friends, by beating the bushes, roused a herd of kangaroos that fled away bounding on their elastic paws. But these animals did not take flight too rapidly for the electric capsule to stop them in their course.

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do.  
Jerome K. Jerome.

"Ah, professor," cried Ned Land, excited by the pleasure of hunting, "what excellent game, especially stewed! What provisions for the Nautilus! Two, three, five down! And when I think that we shall eat all that meat, and that those imbeciles on board will not have a mouthful!"

We were very much satisfied with the result of our hunt. The delighted Ned proposed to return the next day to this enchanted island, which he wanted to clear of all its edible quadrupeds. But he reckoned without circumstances.

At 6 p.m. we returned to the shore. Our boat was stranded in its place. The Nautilus, like a long rock, emerged from the waves two miles from the island. Ned Land, without more delay, began to prepare the dinner. He understood all about cooking well. The cutlets, grilled on the cinders, soon scented the air with a delicious odour.



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

## Take a Tip—with Captain Cuttle

DON'T get downhearted if you can't get all the answers right. Some of these have floored experts.

### CRICKET.

Question: The batsman blocks the ball, starts to run, turns back, and kicks the ball accidentally into his wicket. Is he out? Answer: Yes. Question: Suppose his partner had kicked the ball into the wicket? Answer: Not out.

Question: Suppose the striker accidentally kicked it into the other wicket? Answer: Not out.

Question: A batsman snicks the ball into the wicket-keeper's gloves and at the same moment breaks his wicket. Both umpires give him out. How is he out? Answer: Hit wicket. It doesn't matter what happened after that.

### GOLF.

Question: Your ball falls into a clump of rhubarb growing in a bunker. Can you lift and drop? Answer: No. You must play it and chance the rhubarb.

Question: Later, a green-keeper cuts the rhubarb, ties it in, leaves the bunch in the bunker. The same player's ball comes to rest under it. Can he lift or must he play it? Answer: Neither, but he can lift the bunch of rhubarb.

Question: A golfer hit a ball into a cow's ear. The cow bolted, with the ball in its ear. What could the player do? Answer: He should drop another ball at the place where the first ball hit the cow. No penalty.

### BOXING.

Question: During a clinch the referee warned one boxer that he was holding too much. The boxer dropped his hands and turned to talk to the referee, and his opponent promptly floored him. The referee counted him out. Was he right? Answer: Yes. A boxer must guard himself at all times, unless the referee says "Stop boxing."

The dinner was excellent. Two wood-pigeons completed this extraordinary bill of fare. The sago paste, the artocarpus bread, mangoes, half-a-dozen pineapples, and the fermented liquor of some cocoanuts delighted us. I even think that the ideas of my worthy companions were not so clear as they might be.

"Suppose we do not return to the Nautilus this evening," said Conseil.

"Suppose we never return," added Ned Land.

Just then a stone fell at our feet and cut short the harpooner's proposition.

We looked towards the forest without rising, my hand stopping in its movement towards my mouth, Ned Land's completing its office.

"A stone does not fall from the sky," said Conseil, "without despoiling the name of aërolite."

A second stone, carefully rounded, which struck out of Conseil's hand a savoury pigeon's leg, gave still more weight to his observations.

We all three rose and shouldered our guns, ready to reply to any attack.

"Can they be monkeys?" asked Ned Land.

"Something like them," answered Conseil; "they are savages."

"The boat," said I, making for the sea. In fact, we were obliged to beat a retreat, for about twenty natives, armed with bows and slings, appeared on the skirts of the thicket that hid the horizon one hundred steps off.

(Continued to-morrow)

## JANE

Jane and Georgie have left Fighter X together—on one parachute!



SO YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT BIGWOLF, JANE!—I APOLOGISE FOR MY STUPID JEALOUSY!—WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?



OF COURSE, GEORGIE!—AND I PROMISE NEVER TO POSE FOR HIM AGAIN!!—

OH DARLING!—LET'S ALWAYS HANG TOGETHER AFTER THIS!



HE-ELP!!!

## Answers to Quiz in No. 18

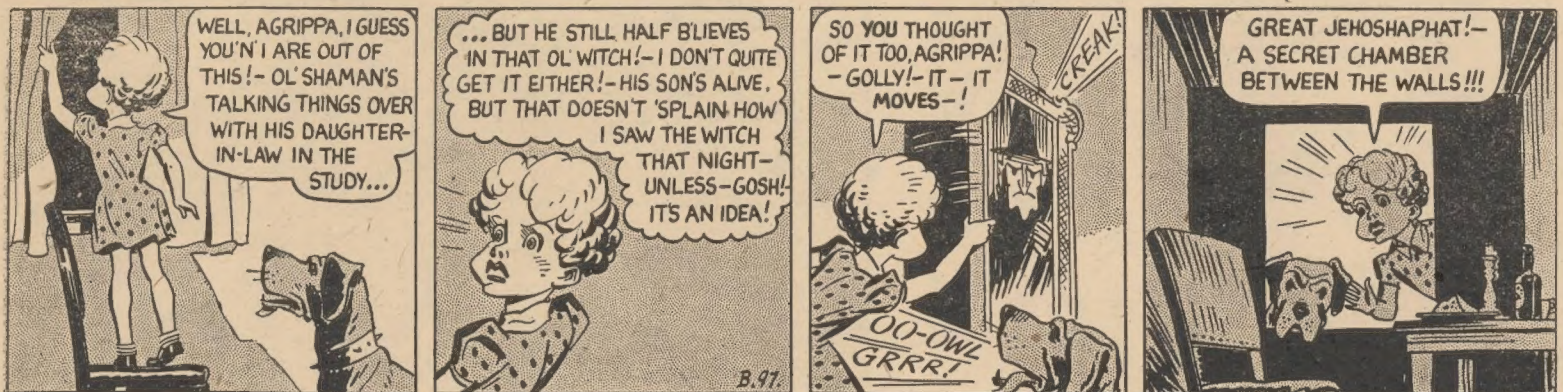
1. A famous cavern in Somerset.
2. Charles II.
3. Dodie Smith.
4. Judas Iscariot.
5. "Tale of Two Cities."
6. Charles Dickens.
7. David, his father.
8. Hail and Farewell.
9. Shakespeare.
10. Left.
11. Fish, principally the sturgeon.
12. Inflammation.



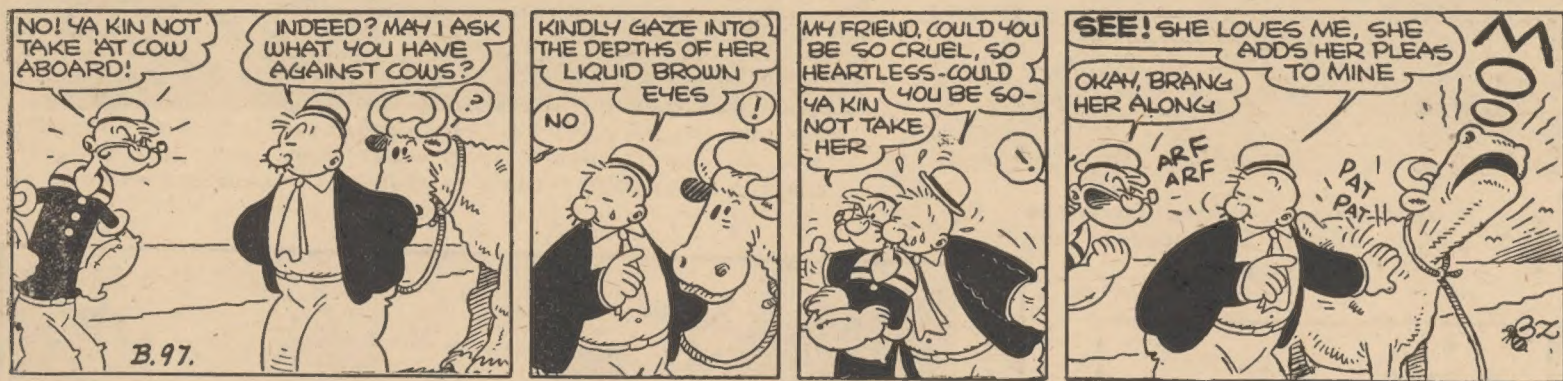
Beelzebub Jones



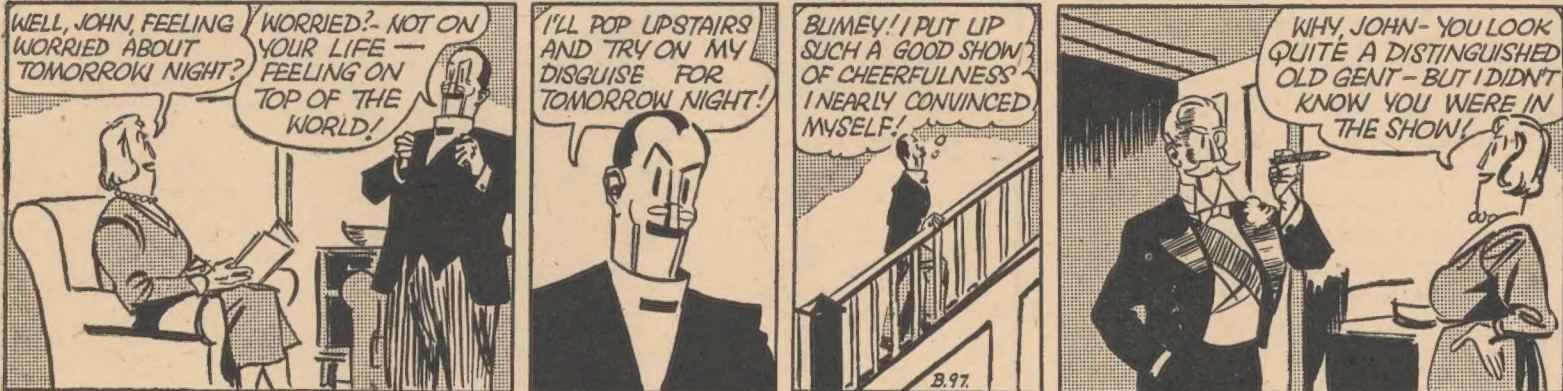
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



HEARD THIS ONE?

Pat the stoker had lost an eye and had been discharged from the Navy but was still visiting hospital, having trouble with his remaining optic.

After a careful examination, the surgeon hummed and ha'd. . . "H'm . . . I'm afraid you'll have to go easy, Pat, with this eye . . . You'll have to watch it, you know."

"Be jabbers, sorr," said the bewildered Pat, "and what will I watch it with?"

✱ ✱ ✱

The bus conductor shouted, "One inside—one on top—hurry up, lady."

"You wouldn't separate an old lady and her daughter, would you?" said the dear old soul about to get on.

"Not likely, missus," said the conductor. "I did once, but never again," and hastily rang on.

FISHY!!

HOW often have we listened intently to the graphic descriptions of anglers, and how often have we raised our eyebrows in amazement!

In answer to the obvious query, "And did you catch it?" we invariably get a reply in the nature of, "Would have done, but it was away like lightning."

The question arises: How fast do fish really swim? And in the spring number of "The Countryman" the actual figures are given. They prove most enlightening.

The list is compiled by Frank Lane, and the speeds are in miles per hour. Where stop-watch timing has been done the abbreviation S.W. is used, "M" denotes probable maximum.

Tunny, 44.  
Dolphin, 37 plus.  
Flying Fish, 35 M.  
Rorqual Whale, 30.  
Blue Shark, 26.5.  
Humpback Whale, 25.

Salmon, 25 M.  
Trout, 23.25 S.W.  
Pike, 20.5 S.W.  
Sperm Whale, 20 M  
Black Bass, 12 S.W.  
Striped Bass, 12  
Barbel, 11 S.W.  
Perch, 10.2 M. S.W.  
Roach, 10.2 S.W.  
Dace, 9.3 S.W.  
Minnow, 8.2 S.W.  
Mullet, 8 S.W.  
Carp, 7.6 S.W.  
Eel, 7.5 S.W.  
Tench, 7.3 S.W.  
Stickleback, 6.8 S.W.  
Chub, 5 S.W.  
Man, 4.01 M.  
Octopus, 4.  
Shrimp, .25.

The figure for the tunny was obtained by a fish-o-meter, which is attached to a rod, and gives a speed at which line is being run out.

The dolphin was timed from the known speed of the ship from which it was seen.

By  
AL MALE

A porpoise is probably a little slower than a dolphin.

The figure given for the flying fish is its speed just before the take-off.

In short dashes, a pike probably reaches 30 miles per hour.

The stickleback is capable of faster speed than given here.

The figure for a swimming man is the world's speed record.

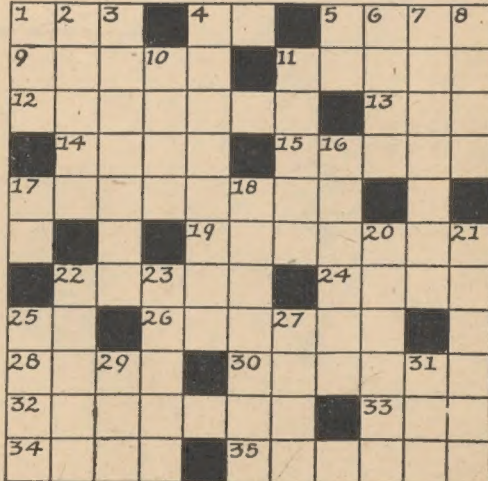
Next time you hear a "fishing story," the relator might raise his eyebrows, as also might the man who turns your hair white by graphic descriptions of shark-eating.

And, when you come to think of it, .01 of a mile per hour isn't much of a start on an octopus . . . don't forget we're not all world's champion swimmers!

Nimble Number  
Solution

A 2, 10, 1, 7.  
B 1, 9, 4, 6.  
C 4, 5, 8, 3.

CROSSWORD CORNER

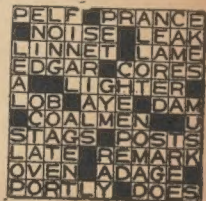


CLUES ACROSS.

1 Personal Pronoun.  
4 Because.  
5 Inconscience.  
9 Decree.  
11 Slouch.  
12 Half breed.  
13 Evergreen shrub.  
14 Dissipated man.  
15 Strangely.  
17 Evening song.  
19 Aridity.  
22 Manservant.  
24 Within.  
25 Compass point.  
26 Prepared for press.  
28 Formally.  
30 Shoulder motions.  
32 Disturb.  
33 Mass of eggs.  
34 Curved glass.  
35 Ants.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Border.  
2 Habituate.  
3 Fever.  
4 Waited on.  
5 Animation.  
6 Peer.  
7 Eye-doctor.  
8 Part of milk.  
10 Delicacy for tea.  
11 Sullen.  
16 Very small coin.  
17 Therefore.  
18 Professional singer.  
20 Undergo.  
21 Puts in pickle.  
22 Brink.  
23 Baltic folk.  
25 Marine animal.  
27 Those things.  
29 Transgress.  
31 Acquired.



1—2—X  
Your hope of a fortune (and what a hope)

By JOHN NELSON

EVER won anything in the football pools? You're an unlucky ship's company if none of you can answer "Yes."

Well, here's a chance to keep your hand in. It's not quite the real thing—we can't offer you any £3,000 dividends now that we've got a war to pay for—but it's the nearest we can get in these times.

We do promise you this—you'll get plenty of interest from it.

We're giving you the fixtures for a certain day's play in the four divisions of the Football League (pre-war vintage, of course).

Against the matches, mark 1, 2, or X, according to your fancy.

To-morrow we will give you the results. Not the results as we imagine they might have been, but as they actually were.

So just keep your coupons by you, and if you count one point for each home win forecast correctly; two for an away, and three for a draw—in the old penny points style—you'll have some idea how well you have kept your forecasting form.

Here are the matches:—

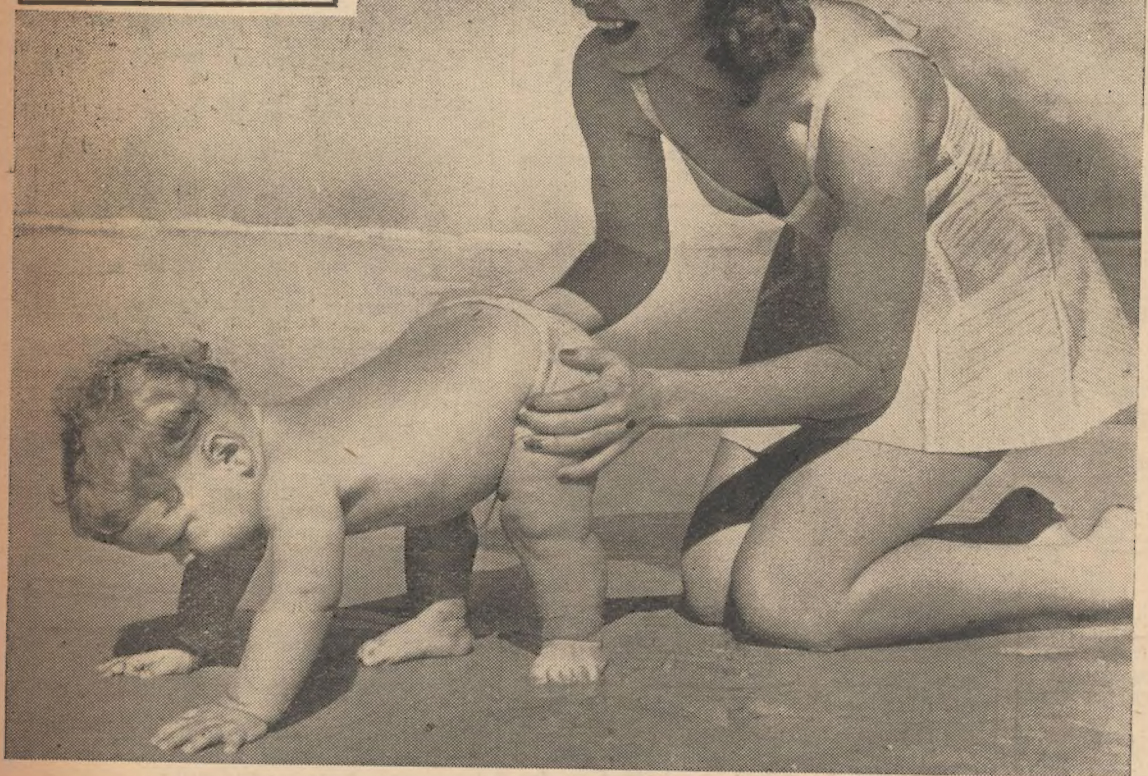
- Division 1.
- Arsenal v. Grimsby.  
Birmingham v. Bolton.  
Blackpool v. Chelsea.  
Brentford v. Derby.  
Everton v. Wolves.  
Huddersfield v. Aston Villa.  
Leicester v. Liverpool.  
Manchester U. v. Charlton.  
Middlesbrough v. Leeds.  
Portsmouth v. Sunderland.  
Stoke v. Preston.
- Division 2.
- Blackburn v. Sheffield U.  
Bury v. Bradford.  
Fulham v. Millwall.  
Luton v. Tottenham.  
Newcastle v. Nottingham Forest.  
Norwich v. Southampton.  
Plymouth v. Burnley.  
Sheffield Wed. v. Manchester City.  
Tranmere v. Chesterfield.  
West Bromwich v. Coventry.  
West Ham v. Swansea.
- Division 3 (South).
- Bournemouth v. Cardiff.  
Brighton v. Ipswich.  
Bristol Rovers v. Reading.  
Clapton Orient v. Watford.  
Mansfield v. Southend.  
Newport v. Crystal Palace.  
Northampton v. Bristol City.  
Notts County v. Aldershot.  
Swindon v. Q.P. Rangers.  
Torquay v. Port Vale.  
Walsall v. Exeter.
- Division 3 (North).
- Barrow v. New Brighton.  
Bradford City v. Oldham.  
Chester v. Halifax.  
Doncaster v. Crewe.  
Hull v. Barnsley.  
Lincoln v. Accrington.  
Rochdale v. Darlington.  
Rotherham v. Carlisle.  
Southport v. Stockport.  
Wrexham v. Gateshead.  
York v. Hartlepool.

Well, there you are, lads. Don't flood this office with coupons (or postal orders),



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## Steady Boy Steady

A spot of stern control from the parent ship is indicated in the above picture.

## STILL ORGAN-ISED



Is there any job these W.R.N.S. cannot tackle? This young lady was an expert pianist in pre-war days, now, her delightful playing helps considerably to enliven the church service at her depot.



## THE LISTENER

"So it's me he's talking about. Made enough fuss when I said I wasn't keen to come to town, almost dragged me here, in fact. Now, from what I can gather, he's doing his darndest to get rid of me. Telling such lies too. I'm not a bit like what he says. If I am, well, I must be the Calf of Gold."



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Will you PLEASE quit foolin' around with my underwear. Don't forget, if you leave your seat I lose MINE, you young monkey."